

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.  
 Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.  
 Oth. Humh.  
 Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then  
 When your eyes rowle so.  
 Why I should feare, I know not,  
 Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.  
 Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.  
 Des. They are Loues I beare to you.  
 Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.  
 Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.  
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?  
 Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:  
 These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,  
 They do not point on me.  
 Oth. Peace, and be still.  
 Des. I will so: What's the matter?  
 Oth. That Handkerchiefe  
 Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to Cassio.  
 Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,  
 And aske him.  
 Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,  
 Thou art on thy death-bed.  
 Des. I, but not yet to dye.  
 Oth. Presently.  
 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:  
 For to deny each Article with Oath,  
 Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception  
 That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.  
 Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me.  
 Oth. I say, Amen.  
 Des. And haue you merrey too. I neuer did  
 Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd Cassio,  
 But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,  
 As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.  
 Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.  
 Operiur'd woman, thou do'st stonemy heart,  
 And makes me call, what I intend to do,  
 A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.  
 I saw the Handkerchiefe.  
 Des. He found it then:  
 I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:  
 Let him confesse a truth.  
 Oth. He hath confest.  
 Des. What, my Lord?  
 Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.  
 Des. How? vnlawfully?  
 Oth. I.  
 Des. He will not say so.  
 Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:  
 Honest Iago hath 'tane order for't.  
 Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?  
 Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge  
 Had romacke for them all.  
 Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.  
 Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?  
 Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.  
 Oth. Downe Strumpet.  
 Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.  
 Oth. Nay, if you sturue.  
 Des. But halfe an houre.  
 Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.  
 Des. But while I say one prayer.  
 Oth. It is too late. *Smother's her.*  
*Emilia at the doore.*  
 Emil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.  
 Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?  
 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,  
 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?  
 So, so.  
 Emil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?  
 Oth. Who's there?  
 Emil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word  
 with you.  
 Oth. Yes: 'Tis Emilia: by and by. Shee's dead.  
 'Tis like she comes to speake of Cassio's death:  
 The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?  
 Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?  
 I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?  
 If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:  
 My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.  
 Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!  
 Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse!  
 Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe  
 Did yawne at Alteration.  
 Emil. I do beseech you  
 That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord,  
 Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in Emilia.  
 Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.  
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
*Enter Emilia.*  
 Emil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers  
 done.  
 Oth. What? now?  
 Emil. But now, my Lord.  
 Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,  
 She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,  
 And makes men mad.  
 Emil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd  
 A young Venetian, call'd Rodorigo.  
 Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?  
 Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.  
 Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,  
 And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.  
 Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.  
 Emil. Alas! what cry is that?  
 Oth. That? What?  
 Emil. Out and alas, that was my Ladies voice.  
 Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,  
 Sweet Desdemona, oh sweet Mistis, speake.  
 Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.  
 Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?  
 Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:  
 Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.  
 Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?  
 Emil. Alas: who knowes?  
 Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.  
 Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.  
 Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,  
 'Twas I that kill'd her.  
 Emil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-  
 er Diuell.  
 Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.  
 Emil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.  
 Oth. She was false as water.  
 Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say  
 That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.  
 Oth. Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.  
 O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:  
 But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds  
 To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Emil. My Husband?  
 Oth. Thy Husband?  
 Emil. That she was false to Wedlocke?  
 Oth. I, with Cassio: had she bin true,  
 If Heauen would make the such another world,  
 Of one entyre and perfecte Chrysolite,  
 I'd not haue sold her for it.  
 Emil. My Husband?  
 Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,  
 An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
 That stickes on filthy deeds.  
 Emil. My Husband?  
 Oth. What needs this iterance, Woman?  
 I say, thy Husband.  
 Emil. Oh Mistis,  
 Villany hath made mockes with loue:  
 My Husband say she was false?  
 Oth. He, Woman;  
 I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?  
 My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest Iago.  
 Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule  
 Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th heart.  
 She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.  
 Oth. Hah?  
 Emil. Do thy worst:  
 This dede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,  
 Then thou wast worthy her.  
 Oth. Peace, you were best.  
 Emil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,  
 As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,  
 As ignorant as dirt: thou hast done a deed  
 (I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee knowne,  
 Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:  
 The Moore hath kill'd my Mistis. Murther, murther.  
*Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.*  
 Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?  
 Emil. Oh, are you come, Iago: you haue done well,  
 That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.  
 Gra. What is the matter?  
 Emil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:  
 He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:  
 I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.  
 Speake, for my heart is full.  
 Iago. I told him what I thought,  
 And told no more  
 Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.  
 Emil. But did you euer tell him,  
 She was false?  
 Iago. I did.  
 Emil. You told a Lye, an odious damnd Lye:  
 Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.  
 Shee false with Cassio?  
 Did you say with Cassio?  
 Iago. With Cassio, Mistis?  
 Go too, charme your tongue.  
 Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;  
 I am bound to speake,  
 My Mistis heere lyes murder'd in her bed.  
 All. Oh Heauens, forefend:  
 Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on.  
 Othello. Nay stare not Masters,  
 It is true indeede.  
 Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.  
 Mont. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, vil  
 I thinke vpon't, I thi  
 I thought so then: il  
 O villany! villany!  
 Iago. What, are y  
 I charge you get you  
 Emil. Good Gen  
 'Tis proper I obey him  
 Perchance Iago, I wil  
 Oth. Oh, oh, oh.  
 Emil. Nay, lay the  
 For thou hast kill'd th  
 That ere did lift vp ey  
 Oth. Oh she was  
 I feare did know you  
 Whose breath (indee  
 I know this acte shew  
 Gra. Poore Des  
 I am glad thy Father's  
 Thy Match was more  
 Shore his old thred in  
 This sight would mak  
 Yea, curse his better  
 And fall to Reproban  
 Oth. 'Tis pittifull  
 That she with Cassio, l  
 A thousand times com  
 And she did gratifie h  
 With that Recogniza  
 Which I first gaue her  
 It was a Handkerchie  
 My Father gaue my M  
 Emil. Oh Heauen  
 Iago. Come, hold  
 Emil. 'Twill out, t  
 No, I will speake as li  
 Let Heauen, and Men  
 All, all, crie shame ag  
 Iago. Be wise, and  
 Emil. I will not.  
 Gra. Fye, your Sw  
 Emil. Oh thou dul  
 That Handkerchiefe t  
 I found by Fortune, a  
 For often, with a fol  
 (More then indee be  
 He begg'd of me, to f  
 Iago. Villanous W  
 Emil. She giue it C  
 And I did giue my Hu  
 Iago. Filth, thou ly  
 Emil. By Heauen I  
 Oh murder'ous Coxco  
 Do with so good a wi  
 Oth. Are there no  
 But what serues for th  
 Precious Villaine.  
 Gra. The woman f  
 Sure he hath kill'd his  
 Emil. I, I: oh lay t  
 Gra. Hee's gone, b  
 Mon. 'Tis a notori  
 Which I haue recouer  
 Come guard the doore  
 But kill him rather. Il  
 For 'tis a damnd Slaue